

Worship

"I Am The End - Crucifixion Part II"

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I surrender
Too weak to carry on
My bones struggle
Towards the soil

I know the end
I know all's in place
For my departure
My sacrifice

I am the end
The bane of yore
Yet bridge to a dawn beyond

I am the end
The sacrifice
Hope's frail seed my legacy

Pathetic host
Bear me like a saint
With bloodletting eyes
To slaughter

Familiar cross
In hatred divine
I welcome you
In wedlock

[Qorban:]
"The ropes bit into my flesh,
The rough wood scraped my back.
A silence of awe fell on the throng,
As my arms were spread out,
Falling gently against the rusty nails protruding from
the arms of the cross.
I lost understanding of where I am.
Nothing mattered anymore.
I had done what I think I was born for.
I had planted a seed to grow and tear down the sins of
my blood.
But I was born from guilt and I was to return the same
way.

My mind left me and the infernal pain behind,
As my flesh and the nails united.
There was a scream somewhere,
And my cross was raised against the muted twilight
moon."

[Epilogue:]

Throughout man's rise and fall, stone would hardly
change.

The cave in the mountains would see them wake again,
And again, unmoved. This time, something changed.

Carven into the rock above a bed of stone,

These words would meet the Newborn: "Brother, this is
my legacy. I woke as you have,

Torn from his flesh, as you are.

I tried to stop them as you will.

I failed, but you will prevail. And here is how..."

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